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JOURNEYING
ONWARD

LILLIAN DE WATERS



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JOURNEYING ONWARD

BY
LILLIAN DE WATERS

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PREFACE.

FOR those who are hungering after a better understanding of God, and for those who love Christian Science, this book is sent into the world.

The author wishes to state emphatically that the truths contained herein, have been gained wholly through an earnest study of the writings of Mary Baker G. Eddy, the beloved founder of Christian Science.

Christian Science is to be found in the Christian Science text book, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," and it would be impossible for one to simplify or amplify the truth contained therein. Hence the author's purpose in sending forth this little book is neither to teach nor to explain that which our dear Leader

has given to the world, but, with the simple wish that it may find a welcome in answering some of the questions which were perplexing to the author and which may be to thousands of others brought up under like religious teachings.

LILLIAN DE WATERS.

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“CERTAINLY, we believe in the Bible,” said the Christian Scientist, as she looked into the face of a minister with whom she had made an acquaintance, as their train was rapidly speeding along on its journey.

“There never was so inconsistent a people,” began the minister, “as Christian Scientists. They twist passages in the Bible to suit themselves, and declare there is no such thing as sickness, sin and death; while all around us are the weary, heavy-laden with sickness, in the depths of despair and dying in countless numbers.” Pausing a moment, he went on, “They tell the poor, there is no poverty; the sick, there is no pain; and console the mourner with the statement that there is no such thing as death.”

“Have you finished?” said the young girl, as she turned her face toward him. He saw a smiling face, aglow with health

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and animation, and he noted the bright, joyous expression.

"No," he replied, "I have much I would like to say to you; and if I am wrong in the thoughts I just expressed, I would indeed be grateful if you would correct me."

The Scientist was glad to hear the ring of sincerity in his voice. "I do not believe in arguing," she returned, "but when one asks for information regarding Christian Science, I am glad, as far as I am able, to correct any erroneous ideas he or she may have on the subject. As I just said to you, we believe in the Bible. Now let us reason together and see if we cannot untangle some of these 'inconsistencies.' Of course you are familiar with the first chapter of Genesis?"

"Read it for forty years," answered the minister.

"Very good," said the young girl, with an amused look. "Who is spoken of in this chapter as our only Creator?"

"God."

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"Has there ever been any other Creator?"

"Never. '*All things were made by him; and without him was not anything made that was made;*'" replied the minister, quoting from the first chapter of John.

"Yes," agreed the Scientist. "Everything was created, and God's work was finished, so nothing was made after that; for, you know it reads, '*And God saw everything that he had made, and, behold, it was very good.*' So we then have a list in this chapter of all God made. It was all good and His work was finished."

"Certainly," returned the minister. "We agree precisely; I see no point of difference there."

"But, perhaps you may," said the girl, with a little nod. "Man was created spiritually, '*male and female.*' Is there any record there of sin, sickness and death being attached to him?"

"No," with a little uneasiness.

"Do you know of any medicines created or specified for man?"

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“N-o, but—”

“Now, we will have no ‘buts’ just yet,” said the girl, smiling. “You admit, then, that God did not create sin, sickness and death, and did not provide remedies for man’s welfare and comfort?”

“Well, there is no record made of it there,” began the minister, “but, we know sin came with the serpent; and, surely,” he continued, with spirit, “there is enough of medicine, of sickness and death around you, to know they exist, and you have said God was the only Creator.”

“Yes,” she replied, thoughtfully. “I have been led to see and prove that truth. You acknowledge that God made all, and that there is no record of sickness in the creation. Now will you tell me, if He made all, and pronounced all good, and if there is no other Creator, who created sickness?”

Her steady, clear gaze made him feel he was in a corner; but, endeavoring to appear at ease, he hastened to speak.

“Supposing we should admit, for the

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sake of the argument, that God did not create sickness; even then, we must acknowledge that He allows or permits it, for the furtherance of good in His people or for the sake of bringing them closer within the bounds of His infinite love and compassion."

"If God does not create sickness," said the Christian Scientist, slowly, "where does He get it, in order to send it upon His children?"

The man plainly looked embarrassed.

"Why," he began, "that is a very queer way of looking at it. I had never thought of it in that light; but," he continued, "there is a power, you must admit, which we call evil."

"Do you mean a personal devil?" questioned the girl.

"Well, er—" fumbling with his coat lapel, feeling that he might be entrapped again. "Why, yes."

"Who made him?" inquired the girl.

"Why, evil has existed since the beginning of the world!"

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“But,” exclaimed the girl, “you have already admitted God made all, everything, and it was good!”

The minister felt he was getting none the best of his fair arguer, but he replied in good faith, “Well, of this I am sure, that evil and sin exist. If they cannot come from God, they must proceed from some other source.”

“Yes, we agree there,” said the girl, warmly, “but our point of difference is the ‘source.’”

“In your religion, do you believe that God does not send sickness?” asked the minister.

“Yes,” answered the girl. “If I thought God sent sickness, I should not try to get well; for it would not be wise for me to try to get rid of anything that God wanted me to have. In fact, it would be a sin.”

“H’m. Do you think that God allows or permits sickness?” continued the man, his voice betraying his interest.

“I have been fully convinced that He does not,” answered the Scientist. “How

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could God, the only Creator, be conscious of that of which He is not the author?"

"You do not mean to say," exclaimed the minister, "that you believe the All-knowing knows nothing of our sicknesses, pains and sorrows!"

"Yes," answered the girl, "that is what I believe. '*Thou art of purer eyes than to behold evil.*' '*God is light and in him is no darkness at all,*'" quoting the familiar verses to him. Feeling that the minister had a goodly list of questions on hand, after a moment's thought the Scientist remarked in a gentle way, "I would not have you believe that I am didactic. As you ask your questions in good faith, I can but answer them; but, I can not forbear telling you that you will find the answers to all your questions in the Christian Science text book, '*Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures,*' written by *Mary Baker G. Eddy.* I have only answered your questions through the understanding I have gained by an earnest study of that book."

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"I promise to bear that in mind, if you will but go on with the conversation. I am sure you will not refuse to talk with me if I assure you I really have a great desire to gain information regarding a number of questions," said the minister, in an appreciative tone. "I believe I was going to ask you, before you interrupted me," he went on, eagerly, "since God knows everything, why does He not know sickness?"

Feeling now that the right understanding existed between them, and remembering that happy hour when some one had lovingly pointed out the way to her, she hastened to answer:

"You know, love is not conscious of hate; truth does not know a lie; and light does not recognize darkness; so God, who fills all space, can know nothing but His own glorious brightness."

"But, you cannot tell the sick that God knows nothing of their pain; the sinner, God knows nothing of his sin; and the mourner, God knows nothing of his loss!"

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“Through the teachings of Christian Science, we have learned to tell the sick that God is Love, filling all space, and that man, as the image of God, is spiritual and perfect; that in God man lives, moves and has his being. Hence, he reflects and manifests only what is in God—and the sick are healed. To the sinner, we say, ‘Come, learn of God, who knows man only as His perfect child; learn that sin has no power to bind man; learn through Christian Science how to exercise this dominion over sin, to loath it and to find man is master, and not servant of sin.’”

The minister was listening with great eagerness, but he noticed she was looking at him, yet far beyond him, as she continued.

“The mourner learns in Christian Science, that God is Life, and Life cannot cause death. He learns that the heavenly father does not snatch the babe from its mother’s loving arms, nor make the infant fatherless. He learns that joy, happiness, harmony, life and peace are the

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only real, true, normal conditions of man.”

“Do you believe,” interrupted the minister, “that God does not take the babe to himself, does not call the father home,—in fact, that God does not take us from this sin-sick world to rest and peace?”

“I believe that God is not the author of death,” answered the girl, “that He does not cause it nor permit it, any more than the principle of mathematics causes one to make a mistake in addition.”

“Do you want me to believe,” exclaimed the man, “that if this train should be wrecked, and I should be killed, God would not take me to His eternal home?”

“Do you think an accident could push you into the kingdom of heaven?” returned the Scientist, quietly. “We live in eternity now; we partake of heavenly bliss, only as we learn to destroy sickness, sin and death, as the dear Master taught us. Death never placed anyone into heaven; for death you remember our Master said, is ‘*an enemy.*’”

The calm, sweet voice of the talker,

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made him provoked at his own irritability over the last words he had heard; yet he could not refrain from begging her to go on with her explanation.

“People have been taught to say, ‘*Thy will be done,*’” the Scientist continued, in answer to his question, “and instead of knowing God’s will is the will of health, harmony and eternal life, they think it is God’s will to be left in a bed of pain, and afterwards to be taken from their loved ones. Does it please God to have man suffer years of agonizing pain, in order to prepare him for heaven? or to kill a man by some inconceivably brutal accident, in order to usher him into harmony? I was amazed and pained the other day, when I saw a little boy gaze out of his window, as a funeral procession was going by. He ran to his mother, exclaiming, ‘Oh, Mama! God has killed someone else!’ The mother looked at me, horrified to hear her boy express such a thought. She explained to me, that a few days previous, one of her son’s little playmates had died, and, of

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course, she had told her boy that God had taken him. How natural it was then for the child to think as he did! Then again, I read the other day of a man drinking, by mistake, a quantity of poison instead of some cough medicine. Afterwards, it appeared in the obituary, 'Whereas it hath pleased God to take our beloved brother;' yet, within a few weeks, the family brought a suit against the druggist, for not labeling the bottles correctly. Can you not see the utter inconsistency?" asked the girl, earnestly.

"It reads in Job, '*The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away.*' Can you tell me how Christian Science explains that?" he said, in return to her question.

"In proportion as we know God as Life, Truth and Love, we receive happiness, peace and health; while sorrow, discord and sickness are taken away from us—are destroyed," said the girl, simply. "As I understand my Bible, now," she continued, lovingly clasping her Bible in her hand, "I know it does not mean that God gives

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us life and so has the right to take it from us at any moment. You must know that God cannot make a mistake. What He gives us is given forever and nothing in the whole universe can take it from us. You know it reads in the Bible, '*Whatever God doeth, it shall be forever; nothing can be put to it, nor anything taken from it.*' Through Christian Science, I have been enabled to see that it is only our ignorance of God that makes us believe we lose health and life; for the right understanding of God proves that man is forever at one with Him, reflecting all that is in Him and nothing else." Pausing a moment, she asked, "For what purpose was Jesus sent into the world?"

"He came to save sinners; yet, you say there is no sin!" thinking now he was scoring a point.

"Jesus was the way, and we can gain the right understanding of God, only as we follow in his steps. The Master was our highest instructor of Truth. He came to save us from believing in sin, sickness

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and death; and those who are following in his steps are destroying these conditions as he did and are giving God the glory."

"But," interrupted the minister, "do you Scientists not declare that *you* heal the sick?"

"No," she replied, quickly. "God, Truth, is the only healer of the sick. The Scientist must know the Truth in order that the manifestation of sickness be removed. The Scientist is only the channel through which the Truth reaches the patient; as this pane of glass," she said, tapping the window at her side, "is the medium through which the light of the sun reaches us."

"But," protested the minister, "if God knows nothing of sickness, how can He heal it? Surely one cannot destroy that which he knows nothing about!"

"Understanding does not know ignorance," replied the Scientist, "yet it destroys it; nor does light have to know darkness before it is removed. Darkness cannot exist in the presence of light; so,

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sin, sickness and death cannot remain with one who has gained the spiritual light, the true understanding of God."

"I understood you to say, there was no sickness!" persisted the man.

The young girl did not seem at all disturbed by his persistency, or by his manifested interest, but replied with great patience to all his questions.

"I admit sickness seems real to the sufferer; yet it is not a reality, a truth, a right or normal condition of man. It is not real or eternal, because it can be destroyed; only that exists as a reality which cannot be destroyed. Black, you know, is not admitted as a color, for it reflects no light. We know that the condition called sickness, exists all around us as you say, but the Truth of God as revealed to the world through Mrs. Eddy, removes this condition, and the real, harmonious fact appears."

"Now, do you mind telling me," asked the minister, "where you are taught

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whence sickness comes?" determined to get at the root of the matter.

"Jesus substantially called sickness the work of the devil," answered the girl, "for you remember, he came to '*destroy the works of the devil,*' and he destroyed sickness."

"But, you believe there is no devil!"

"The only devil one may have is the belief of evil in one's own thought," returned the girl, quietly.

"Then do you mean to say, that sickness can be traced back to one's own consciousness?" the minister questioned.

"I have learned," answered the girl, "that fear, ignorance and sin, promote sin, sickness and death; that their cause exists in the human mind, and it has been proven," she added, positively, "that their cure is in the divine Mind."

"On what basis do you argue, that sin is the cause of sickness?" pursued the minister.

"You will remember Jesus' words to the impotent man, '*Sin no more, lest a*

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worse thing come unto thee;' and to the sick of the palsy, '*For whether is it easier, to say, Thy sins be forgiven thee; or to say, Arise and walk?*'"

"Yes," replied the man, thoughtfully, "but you will remember, too, Jesus said, '*They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick.*' He declared there that the sick needed a physician, rather than one to tell them of their sin."

"I am surprised," returned the Scientist, gently, "that a minister should understand that chapter so little, as to neglect repeating the very explanation of Jesus' words; for, in the next verse he adds, '*But go ye and learn what that meaneth, . . . for I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.*' It is the true physician who heals the sin as well as the sickness; who removes the cause, rather than spends his time in trying to remove the effect. It is a Christian act to clothe and comfort the poor; but is it not more Christ-like to heal the disease which causes the poverty? You may console one who is fearful that

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some disease is developing in his system, yet, is it not more Christ-like to destroy the fear in that person's thought, thereby preventing the development of the disease?"

"You are bound to meet everyone of my arguments, aren't you?" laughingly exclaimed the minister. "Of course, I cannot now agree with all you say; yet, there seems to be a world of truth in it all," he added thoughtfully. "Now I would like very much to talk with you about prayer. I have heard so many times that you people do not pray—at least, you do not pray as we do."

"Which would you think prayed the most understandingly, the man who besought God to direct him to a certain climate that would help him to get rid of some disease, or the man who had been enabled to understand God well enough, to know that he could live in any climate, since God is everywhere? the man who trusts the physician to heal him, or the

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one who relies absolutely upon God, attributing to Him alone, all power?"

"But, we place God *behind* the physician!" he exclaimed.

"And we place God *before* the physician!" the girl returned, joyously.

"Yes," the minister said, very thoughtfully, as if the admission cost him something. "Certainly the results which Christian Scientists bring out in their own lives, speak for themselves. But how are you taught to pray in Christian Science, if you do not pray as we do?"

"You see," the Christian Scientist explained, "you and I have different conceptions of God."

"Yes, I have already begun to see that," admitted the man, good humoredly.

"The much 'magnified man' thought, is a thing of the past to us. It reads on page 140 of our Christian Science text book, '*The Christian Science God is universal, eternal, divine Love, which changeth not and causeth no evil, disease nor death.*' So, I am learning through this book, that

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God is an infinite, perfect, changeless Being, having all power, all knowledge, and filling all space."

"Do you never think of God as having personality?" the minister asked.

"Can you limit the Infinite," returned the girl, "to place or space? God is a living Principle, controlling, maintaining and governing man and the universe, harmoniously. Some people pray to God for some desired thing, and immediately wonder whether they will receive it or not. They argue with themselves, that it could not come this way or that, until they are convinced that it would be impossible for it to come at all."

The girl paused, but the minister looked at her to go on.

"Jesus said, '*Have faith that whatsoever ye ask for in prayer is already granted you, and it will be yours.*' This is as it appears in the Twentieth Century New Testament. Jesus also said, '*All that the Father hath is mine.*' Many a one begs and pleads with God to answer his pray-

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ers, as a child pleads with his father to grant a certain request. No prayer uttered since the world began, has ever changed God, since He is unchangeable, '*the same yesterday, and to-day and forever.*' The Christian Science prayer is one of possession, rather than one of need. We are taught to affirm as children of God, as heirs of Him, that man possesses that which He possesses. His goodness, His abundance, His power, His strength, His infinite blessings are ours *now*. By knowing this, and scientifically declaring that their opposites—sin, poverty, sickness and misery—are false because they are not in God, and do not testify of Him; by scientifically understanding these spiritual truths, we shall be brought into such a consciousness of the allness of God, that we shall behold and receive the manifestations of our desires or prayers."

"Go on," he said, as the girl hesitated. "I love to hear you talk. You are a veritable preacher. You have not always had this idea of God?"

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The girl nodded regretfully. "When I was a child, I used to wonder how God could ever hear so many prayers. If a million people were praying at the same time, for a million different things, I wondered how He could ever hear them, let alone answer them!"

"I know you can explain it now," said the minister, eagerly.

"The principle of mathematics," the girl returned, "so beautifully illustrates the principle of life. Should a million people sit down at the same time, and call upon the principle of mathematics to help them work out a problem, they would find it ready to help each of them bring about the correct answer, just as if he or she were the only one using that principle. So it is with us, we can each bring our problems to the divine Source of all knowledge, whether they be problems of sickness, sin or discord; and by applying through the teachings of Christian Science, the correct rules, the right answers or results will be attained. In solving a prob-

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lem in mathematics, should we fail to get the correct result, we would not sit down and ask or beseech the principle to help us; nor would we find fault with the principle and rules and seek to change them. We would know at once that the fault was wholly within ourselves, that the failure was occasioned by some mistake in our work, or because we did not sufficiently understand the necessary steps."

"Then, do I understand that you do not ask God for anything, but simply endeavor yourself to do the work?" questioned the minister.

"Jesus said, '*I can of mine own self do nothing.*' God's work is finished. We try to see so clearly the scientific truth that good fills all space, that all errors or mistakes go out of our thought and consequently their manifestations disappear."

"Yet, I cannot see why you do not ask for things!" desiring to be satisfied.

"You would not sit down at a table filled with food, and beg for something to eat, would you? Nor would you sit in a room

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flooded with light, and ask that you might be able to see?"

"N-o—"

"So," the girl concluded, "we realize abundance of blessings are now within our reach; and instead of longing for them, and weeping because they are not ours, we have learned how to partake of them."

"Then, you do not put your thoughts into words?" he pursued, earnestly.

"Silently and mentally we commune with our Father-Mother God," the girl replied gently. "We do not seek to bring God to us, but we go to God. We strive to be in tune, in touch or harmony, with divine Love, that we may behold the 'finished work.' This scientific, mental work leads one heavenward." After a moment's thought, she went on, "Suppose you are in the water and you pull on a rope which some one on the shore throws to you. As you pull on the rope, you know it would seem to you as if you were bringing the shore nearer, instead of you drawing nearer the shore. Thus our nearness

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to God is wholly due to a better understanding of Him."

"Yes," assented the man, brightly, "I certainly understand that." After a pause, he asked, "What about your failures?"

"As I illustrated in solving mathematical problems," replied the Scientist, quickly, "so in our journey Godward. Should the right result not be immediately apparent, it is not because God is wrong, nor because Christian Science is not true; but, because we have either not been sufficiently obedient, or because we have not sufficient understanding."

"What do you mean by being 'sufficiently obedient,'" continued the minister, with interest.

"We have rules given us in the Book of Life, which we must follow, in order to produce the desired results in health, harmony and happiness; and," she concluded earnestly, "we have these rules interpreted to us so clearly in our text book, '*Science and Health*,' that every man, woman and

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child can prove, in some degree, their truth."

"Having that book, you have not much use for a minister's prayers, have you?" said the minister, jokingly.

"I used to know a minister," replied the girl laughingly, "who prayed for nearly everybody on the face of the earth. He began with the royal families and the president and his cabinet, then all the sick and sinful in the world, following with prayers for those listening and finally making slight mention of himself. This never appealed to me even before I knew of Christian Science. God does not bless us according to the length of our petitions; nor does He bless others upon our request. We would bless the world to a far greater extent, should we think pure, healthful and harmonious thoughts. Man should not presume to instruct God how to do His work, nor direct Him what to do in order to bless this one, or that one. Since God is omniscience or all-knowing, man need never advise Him."

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"You would not have me believe that my prayers for my people, for these thirty years, have been worthless?" asked the minister, seriously.

"I can simply tell you what I am learning myself," returned the girl, gladly, "that we aid the sick, only as we understand and destroy sickness as Jesus did; that we aid the sinner, only as we show him his dominion over sin. We aid all mankind only as we send out thoughts of health, not sickness; of love and harmony, not sin and discord; thoughts of life, not death."

"I see, I understand," he replied very thoughtfully.

"The presistent effort to put thoughts of hate, malice, jealousy, revenge, lust, self-righteousness, hypocrisy and all other evils out of the human mind, and to establish thoughts of love, joy, peace, purity and meekness is indeed the unceasing prayer; and it is establishing the kingdom of heaven on earth," concluded the Scientist, confidently.

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“Then you find that claiming the possession of all good, as Mrs. Eddy teaches, you gain more than to ask for it!” he remarked, as if to reassure himself.

“I want to tell you a little incident, the girl said. “In talking with a friend the other day, she questioned me as to a certain experience I had recently. She heard I had been in a position of great danger and had been miraculously saved. She asked me if I did not pray then to be delivered safely. I told her I realized that God’s child could not be injured; that there was no power outside of God and that nothing could therefore harm me. She was amazed as she heard this and exclaimed, ‘How presumptuous! I would have begged God to protect me!’ I asked her to imagine the son of a king of some nation, to be in company with those who did not recognize him. Would he beg of them not to injure him? or would he at once be conscious of his noble birth-rights and assert these rights and put to flight the foes? This argument was new to my

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friend, yet I am sure she would admit, it caused her to think more deeply on the subject. ‘*Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.*’ If we sow thoughts of fear, anxiety, doubt, discouragement, sickness, sin and death, we must inevitably reap these in effect. Whereas, if we sow thoughts directly opposite to these, they also will be manifested in result. In Christian Science the sowing of spiritual thought is prayer, and the reaping is the answer.”

“Your ideas have opened to me an entirely new line of thought,” said the minister, quietly. “Will you tell me why in your testimonies of healing, there is no mention made of the blood of Jesus, which cleanses us of sin; or of his death on the cross?”

“I am glad you mention that,” said the girl, in surprise. “I shall be glad to help you there. Jesus was the Wayshower, the man above all others who lived and taught the Truth. He healed the sick and sinner, raised the dead, and said, ‘*He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he*

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do also.' Indeed, we are grateful to him, our example, for the love, compassion and truth which he manifested for us; but," she continued, "the blood of Jesus did nothing for mortals, even though it were shed on the cross; nor has his blood ever cleansed one mortal from sin. Christian Science teaches that sin is never forgiven until it is destroyed in the human consciousness and entirely forsaken. We are infinitely grateful to our dear Master for showing us the way to eternal happiness, peace and immortality; but we do not look to his personality, nor to his blood, but we look rather to his life, his deeds, his examples. And so, we are grateful to that dear woman, who has shown a sin-laden world *how* Jesus healed the sick, cast out devils and raised the dead."

"There it is again!" said the minister, though in a very kind manner. "The Scientists can never talk Christian Science, without mentioning Mrs. Eddy. Though after all, I do not wonder so much, if, from

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her, you learn all these wonderful things you have been telling me."

"You would not expound the Sermon on the Mount to a layman without telling him, Jesus delivered it, would you? Nor would you tell about the Ten Commandments and omit that Moses wrote them?"

"No," the minister answered, "indeed I would not. I must say," he admitted, as though he knew it to be a fact, "Christian Scientists always have an extensive knowledge of the Bible. Were *you* always a Bible student?"

"No, indeed, I must admit I was not," the young girl replied. "I presume I had not read a dozen chapters in the Bible in my whole life, until I came into Christian Science. I had often picked up the Bible to read, but some how or other it always appeared so like a history book to me—and I never did enjoy history," she added, with a decided nod of the head. "It would make me feel sorry, when I read or heard read, all those beautiful works of Jesus and knew that they could never be re-

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peated. And what a joy when I found out that every word Jesus uttered is practical now! Indeed, I read my Bible every day. I would not feel as if I could begin my day's work without it. Mrs. Eddy has opened the Scriptures for us, and for that alone we owe her endless gratitude. Our hearts pulsate with love and thankfulness, as we think of the toil, sacrifices and hardships she has suffered for Christ's sake. She has been so misunderstood, and yes—cruelly and wickedly maligned."

"But," interrupted the minister. "I should think one so spiritual would be protected within the arms of the Almighty, and would be loved and honored by all."

"Do you forget," replied the girl, "that even Jesus, that great example of goodness, was persecuted from city to city and crucified? He was denied, betrayed and deserted by the very ones he had toiled so hard to bless."

"I am glad you told me that," replied the minister, thoughtfully. "I don't see why I never thought of it in that light be-

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fore. I know, you will give me the scolding I deserve," he remarked, hesitatingly, "when I tell you, I have often thought of looking into Christian Science, to see *how* all your fruits are made possible; but something always holds me back when I think of a woman, instead of a man being at the head of it."

He might have been mistaken, yet he thought a pained expression seemed to rest on her face for a brief second. Looking thoughtfully at him, she said slowly:

"Imagine yourself in a dungeon, dark, dismal, barren; yourself, cold, hungry, and wretched, bereft of all life holds sweet. As you sit alone in pain and helplessness, want and woe, you notice that the door which opens out of your dungeon is locked, bolted and secured in almost a hundred places; so intricate are its fastenings, you are positive you could never undo them all; and even as you begin, you find your misery turning to despair. As you stand thus helpless—so alone—with the pangs of hunger, thirst and death star-

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ing you in the face, suddenly you are conscious of some one telling you there is a way out; a way to open the door and escape from the doom of death; and a way to find food, drink and joy without. You listen with heart throbbing interest, as you hear that a woman had been in that same dungeon, and had found her way out. That she had opened the door and had found, Oh! such boundless freedom; and that she had left the directions for others. Even as you listen, you look around your dark and death-like cell again, and your hunger and thirst grow greater. You hear of the food, drink and shelter promised you, if you will but follow the directions given. Could it, oh, could it be true! You desperately decide to follow no matter how tedious the work may be; but even as you start to obey, you remember with sharp regret—it was a woman who had first opened the door! You would be following the teachings of a woman, were you to obey the directions given you. You sit down on the cold floor to think. If it

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only were a man how gladly you would make the attempt, but you could not—no, you could not obey the teachings of a woman, even though you were sure it would bring the long desired freedom!”

The girl had turned her face away while she was talking, and now as she turned slowly toward him, she saw she had answered his question. His manner was humbled and his voice very low as he said, “The way you told that humiliates me in my own eyes. May I ask you to unravel, in your way, that little story of yours. I almost know what you will say but I want to hear it.”

There was no mistaking now the glad light in the girl’s eyes, as she continued:

“The dungeon is the dark, despairing thought of mortals, when all earthly props have been wrested from us, and only the door of death seems open to us. The door to health may be barred by material laws without number; the door to peace and happiness—Alas! We dare not think what stands between us! As we are in this set-

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tled gloom, some one tells us that there is a key to all these locks or barriers to our freedom. Tells us of one who was so pure, so unselfish, so attuned to divine Love that she had found her way out of just such despairing darkness; and more than that, that she has shown the way to others that they too may partake of this spiritual food, drink from this living fountain and find health and peace."

"And you would add," interrupted the minister, as if to himself, "that there are people who choose their misery, their arrogance and pride, rather than use the key, because the door has been opened by a woman."

The young girl continued: "And after one had followed that dear woman, and through her teachings had unbarred the door of his dungeon and found God's own freedom without—could he, could *you* journey from this darkness to light, from suffering to peace, from ignorance to understanding, without even a 'thank you,' to her who had shown you the way?"

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“Your little story has touched and humbled me,” said the man. “One would certainly be an ingrate who could refrain from giving thanks to such an one, be it man or woman. I cannot begin to tell you what your last few words have meant to me. My very first purchase when I leave this train shall be a copy of Mrs. Eddy’s book, *Science and Health*. I shall read it gladly and I must confess in a much humbler attitude than I ever dreamed I could possess. Your talk with me has given me a great desire to get this book, and find out how all these things of which you have told me, are possible; and I believe you, when you say, one must find out from your text book. I can never thank you enough for your wonderful kindness and patience. The time has flown so rapidly, I have not realized the hours we have talked. I see I am nearing my destination, and must now leave you,” he said, rising, as the train stopped. “I shall never forget your helpful words and I know we shall meet again.”

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Looking into her face, he clasped her hand, warmly, lifted his hat, and stepped from the train.

The young girl leaned back in her seat, rejoicing, that another hungry heart would now seek the Christ Truth and enter the true path to the "way of life."



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